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POLLY

AN OPERA

BY

MR. GAY

BEING THE SEQUEL TO

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

NOW FREELY ADAPTED

BY

CLIFFORD BAX

LONDON
CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.
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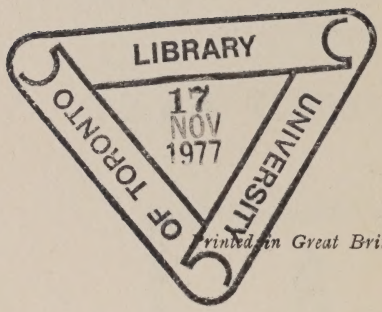

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APOLOGY

In perusing the lyrics of this play the reader will be distressed by many graceless irregularities of rhythm. A long apprenticeship to the craft of making words fit music has convinced me that the more precisely they follow the musical pattern the more disagreeable they are to read. I trust that the reader whose ear is offended by a line that is too long or by one that slips away too flowingly will remember that the lyrics are intended to be sung.

C. B.

POLLY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN :—

DUCAT	*a wealthy coffee-planter*
MORANO	*Macheath in disguise*
VANDERBLUFF	*pirates*
LAGUERRE	
HACKER	
CULVERIN	
CAPSTERN	
CUTLACE	
POHETOHEE	*an Indian Chief*
CAWWAWKEE	*his son*
FIRST FOOTMAN	*attending on* DUCAT
SECOND FOOTMAN	*attending on* DUCAT

WOMEN :—

POLLY PEACHUM
JENNY DIVER
MRS. DIANA TRAPES
MRS. DUCAT
TWO MAIDSERVANTS *of* DUCAT'S *household*
AN OLD WOMAN *of* DUCAT'S *household*

SUPERS :—

INDIANS, PIRATES, WOMEN OF THE TOWN

SCENE :—*An Island in the West Indies*

ACT I

ACT I

SCENE :—*Front, an open space in hard sunlight. Here and there some West Indian vegetation. Entrances right and left.*

Back, a verandah of DUCAT'S *house. It is in deep shadow. Centre back, a doorway, covered by a curtain of reeds and beads, from the house onto the verandah.*

DUCAT *is discovered in a chair on the verandah, snoring. By his side, a small table on which stand a bottle of rum, two mugs and a basket of exotic fruit.*

Enter left MRS. TRAPES.

SCENE I

DUCAT *and* MRS. TRAPES

Mrs. Trapes. Fie, fie, Mr. Ducat—asleep ? . . . Shall I give him a kiss ? He might call me a forward minx. . . . And yet what is sweeter than a kiss ? . . . [*seeing the bottle*] Ah—Jamaica rum ! 'Tis the one commodity that reconciles me to these barbarous parts. [*drinks a mugful*] Now—wake up, Mr. Ducat, wake up !

Ducat. [*Waking*]. Eh ?—[*rising and bowing*] Mrs. Trapes—your servant.

Mrs. Trapes. For shame, Mr. Ducat—asleep at the very hour of appointment ?

Ducat. Sure, Madam, sleep is an innocent and gentlemanly occupation.

Mrs. Trapes. It depends. Had you gentlemanly dreams? Fie, fie !

Ducat. Not so loud, I beseech you. My wife is in the house there, and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to your establishment.

Mrs. Trapes. Your visits! In truth, Mr. Ducat, you are doing yourself small credit by abstaining so long from the charms that I can supply. 'Tis now a half year since I landed on this island and opened my Academy for Young Gentlewomen; yet I vow you have not been near it beyond a dozen occasions. Though you were born and bred in the Indies, as you are a subject of Britain you should live up to our British customs. You are the wealthiest man in the island and should set an example to the rest. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.

Air I

The manners of the great affect;
Stint not your pleasure:
If conscience had their genius checked,
How got they treasure?
The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone;
Morals and honesty leave to the poor,
As they do in London.

Ducat. I never thought to hear thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in all the Indies who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

Mrs. Trapes. There it is now. What man of wealth in England would talk of the necessaries of life? Indeed, 'tis the same with all of us. Whether we can afford them or no, we must have superfluities. As to woman, now—why look you, Mr. Ducat, a man has what we may call the mere necessaries in a wife.

Ducat. He has—and more.

Mrs. Trapes. But a genteel man must have the luxuries of the tender passion. Any bailiff, Mr. Ducat, can eat boiled mutton but only the gentry can wash it down with Canary.

Ducat. Yet I must own, Ma'am, that I still affect my boiled mutton. Moreover, she is put into a pas sion by the mere mention of you and your London hussies. She is even now being cupped.

Mrs. Trapes. Your wife, sir, cannot forever resist the advance of civilisation, and you must instruct her. Now too is your time ; for I have a fresh cargo of ladies just arrived. Nobody shall set eyes on 'em till you have provided yourself.

Ducat. Indeed, Mrs. Di, I am somewhat fargone in years.

Mrs. Trapes. There it is again. In London, let me tell you, the vulgar sort pursue pleasures in the flush of youth, but our great men are modishly profligate when the zest has left 'em.

Air II

Ducat.
What can wealth
When we're old ?
Youth and health
Are not sold.

Mrs. Trapes.
When love in the pulse beats low,
(As haply it may with you)
A girl can fresh youth bestow
And kindle desire anew.
Thus, numb'd in the brake,
Without motion, the snake
Sleeps cold winter away;
But in every vein
Life quickens again
On the bosom of May.

Ducat. I am eager to behave like a gentleman, Mrs. Trapes, but if I should bring the hussy into my house t'will go hard to make my wife think like a gentlewoman upon the subject.

Mrs. Trapes. [*wiping her eyes*] Lud! In this world how scantly is enterprise rewarded! 'Tis an ungrateful world. I had thought to impart some polish and enlightenment to these outlandish colonies; but there it is—you prefer to live in darkness. Who could have supposed that a gentleman of your position would so far scorn the fashion as to dote upon his wife like a sour-faced Presbyter?

Ducat. Nay, Mrs. Trapes, now you are too hard on me. You cannot think me such a clown as to be really in love with my wife? We are not so ignorant as you imagine. Why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for money.

Air III

He that weds a beauty
Soon will find her cloy.
When pleasure grows a duty,
Farewell love and joy.
He that weds for treasure
(Though he hath a wife)
Hath chose a lasting pleasure
In a married life.

Mrs. Trapes. [*beaming*] Now, sir, your natural good sense has conquered your old-fashioned theology. And consider, Mr. Ducat, if your wife should be unreasonable, 'twere an easy stratagem to pass off the girl as a handy wench in the kitchen.

Ducat. Indeed, my wife looks for a servant.

Mrs. Trapes. Then your pleasures may march with hers. And the girl has a bearing so demure as only to be fitted for the sacred circle of a good home.

Ducat. Stay! I trust she can play her part?

Mrs. Trapes. You will find her pert enough on occasion. And now, sir—a hundred pistoles.

Ducat. What! For a servant?

Mrs. Trapes. My charge for a servant is fifty.

Ducat. I must live in the fashion though it ruin me.

Mrs. Trapes. [*taking two bags of money from him*] You will never regret these. But alack-a-day, no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips. A glass of liquor will float any project—of business or love.

Ducat. Mrs. Di—a mug of rum!

[THEY *drink*].

Mrs. Trapes. Ah——! How mightily a little liquor will fortify the soul. With an air like that, Mr. Ducat, you might consort with the liveliest sparks in London.

Ducat. Zounds! Who am I to go in fear of my wife? These ten years I have been Colonel of our Militia. I'll in to her at once, and bid her make ready for that new maid.

[*Exit, into the house*].

SCENE II

MRS. TRAPES

Mrs. Trapes. [*Helping herself again to the rum*] To the memory of poor dear Mr. Peachum! How he loved strong liquor. Why, he hated water worse than a mad dog: and there he was, hang'd in an April shower.

[*Enter right* POLLY].

Bless my eyesight! What do I see? This rum is of rare potency or that is indeed Polly Peachum. Mercy upon me, child, what brought you this side of the herring-pond?

SCENE III

MRS. TRAPES *and* POLLY

Polly. Here indeed is a strange conjunction of chances. You are not more astonished to see the unhappy Polly, madam, than she to discover you in this island.

Mrs. Trapes. 'Tis what I might have predicted, feather-brained baggage! Why must you sail for the Indies when your beauty might have ensured you a fortune in St. James's?

Polly. Love, madam, and the distresses of my husband compelled me to follow him. From the hour of his transportation I hated London so very bad that I should early have sighed myself into a decline. There was not a prison that I could pass without being afflicted by the fondest recollections of my heroic Macheath.

Air IV

She who hath felt a real pain
By Cupid's dart,
Finds that all absence is in vain
To cure her heart.
Though from my lover cast
Far as from Pole to Pole,
Still the pure flame must last,
For love is of the soul.

Mrs. Trapes. Think no more of Macheath, Polly. 'Tis a full twelvemonth now since he ran away from his master's Plantation, and turned pirate——

Polly. O intrepid Macheath!

Mrs. Trapes. Indeed, what puts you beyond all possibility of redress, is, that since he came over he married a transported slave—and she is gone off with him.

Polly. Macheath has contracted another marriage?

Mrs. Trapes. You affect surprise, child? Was not marriage a habit with him? Begin at once to look for a better match. But say, Polly—have you brought off the wherewithal to support you?

Polly. I brought indeed a sum of money with me, but my chest was broke open at sea and I am now a wretched vagabond exposed to the direst calamity. Mayhap, madam, you are now in business?

Mrs. Trapes. Yes. Polly—I deal in sweetmeats and delicacies; but I can dispose of you to better advantage than in the handling of my goods. Sure never anything happened more luckily. Madam Ducat just now wants a servant, and one so tight and handy as you must please her; then too, her husband is the civilest best-bred man alive. We are here at their house. I will engage you in their service. Though I promised to supply him with a girl of easier nature, I will advise him that you are an honest slut and must be handled with respect. As for Captain Macheath, you may safely look upon yourself as a widow; and who knows, if Madam Ducat should tip off, what may happen?

Polly. You must be sensible, madam, of the respect and awe in which I hold you; but death only can extinguish my devotion to the noblest of his sex.

Air V

Mrs. Trapes.
Despair is all madness:
Banish your sadness.
Fortune attends you while youth is in flower.

Polly.
But lest I be harried,
Say I am married.
Those that are wedded lie less in man's power.

Mrs. Trapes. Hush, Polly. Step into the shade while I settle the matter to our advantage.

[*Enter* DUCAT *from the house*].

SCENE IV

MRS. TRAPES, DUCAT *and* POLLY

Ducat. You have fetched her, Mrs. Di? We must be brisk, for when I spoke to my wife she was overcome by the vapours, and you may count upon it that after the vapours there is always a storm.

Mrs. Trapes. I have found you the servant whom your wife desired, Mr. Ducat, but she is not one to serve in a double capacity. Assuage your wife with this one, sir, and to-morrow you will be able to add a second to your household.

Ducat. Must I go to the expense of hiring an honest girl before I can enjoy the society of the other ?

Mrs. Trapes. 'Twill remove the suspicions of Madam Ducat. Come, sir—seventy pistoles.

Ducat. But your charge for a servant is fifty !

Mrs. Trapes. You are to consider, Mr. Ducat, that in bringing this girl to the Plantations I have run great risks. I had many a stratagem to inveigle her away from her parents—the handsomest honestest couple alive. There she is now. Spy at her—as choice a piece of beauty as ever you laid eyes on.

Ducat. Joseph could not have refrained ! Deliver her up, madam, My wife shall have her. But let me hear if she speaks with modesty and address.

Mrs. Trapes. Come, Polly—this gentleman has condescended to take you into his service.

Polly. I am infinitely obliged, sir, for your charity to a girl who hath only sincerity to recommend her.

Ducat. Withdraw, Mrs. Trapes. And if another wench is an absolute necessary, bring her to-morrow. I must acquaint this child with my wife.

Mrs. Trapes. You shall find her most amiable and deserving : and who knows—if Madam Ducat should tip off ? A fine gentleman cannot live alone.

[Mrs. Trapes *begins to walk unsteadily toward the house*].

Ducat. Stay, stay ! Mrs. Di ! Would you walk into the storm ? This way, this way.

[He *guides* Her *out, left*].

SCENE V

DUCAT *and* POLLY

Ducat. Be cheerful, Polly. Your good fortune has thrown you into a family where, if you rightly consider your interest, you may make yourself perfectly easy. Those eyes of yours, my dear, are worth as much to any woman as a pair of African diamonds.

Polly. As I am your servant, sir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you: yet beauty certainly has ruined more women than it has ever made happy.

Air VI

The crow or daw through all the year
No fowler seeks to ruin:
But birds of voice or feather rare
He's all day long pursuing.
Beware, fair maids; so 'scape the net
That other beauties fell in;
For sure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as Helen!

Ducat. And so, Polly, by these downcast looks you would have me believe you don't know that you're handsome. A kiss on those lips would send new sap through my veins.

[HE *kisses* HER].

Air VII

Ducat. Let me have my humours: let me please my senses!

Polly. Never shall presumers carry my defences.

Ducat. I will give you dresses——

Polly. [*Withdrawing*] Pray, sir, no caresses!

Ducat. [*Pursuing*] Ribbons for your tresses——

Polly. Not the merest penny one!

Ducat. What once I've planned I must fulfil.

Polly. Let go my hand.

Ducat. Obey my will.

Polly. Now, understand——

Ducat. I tell you still——

Both. I'll not give way to anyone!

Polly. 'Tis barbarous in you, sir, to take occasion of my necessities to insult me.

Ducat. Is this language fit for a servant? I shall humble these saucy airs of yours, Madam Minx: and, to be plain with you, obstinate slut, if you refuse to have part in the sport for which I purchased you, there is heavier work awaiting you in the field among my planters.

Polly. My freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my virtue and integrity. I hope, sir, you will let me receive my lady's commands. If my lady will acquaint me with my duties, gratitude will make me study to please her.

[*Confused sounds, off right; pirates' cries, shrieks of women, etc*].

Ducat. Devil fetch me—what's this hurly-burly?

[*Enter* Ducat's Servants, *men and women, right*].

SCENE VI

Ducat, Polly, Ducat's Servants

Ducat. What's the matter? Is the house o' fire? Or my wife in a passion?

1*st Footman.* Oh sir, the whole country is in an uproar. The pirates are all coming down on us. If the militia be called out, you are an officer, you know. I hope, sir, you have time enough left you to fling up your commission.

Ducat. True, true. How are the muskets?

1*st Footman.* Rusty, sir—very rusty and peaceable.

Ducat. They shall preserve my honour. We cannot fight with unserviceable weapons.

2nd Footman. Sir, the Indians are in arms, and they require you to stand by your alliance with them. There will be bloody work to-day. I hope, sir, they will decide the issue before we have had time to get ready.

1st Maid. [*Running in*] The pirates, sir, the pirates! Good lack-a-day, what will become of us poor helpless women?

2nd Maid. We shall all be ravished.

Old Woman. Aye, all ravished, Meg—all of us.

Ducat. Patience is a virtue, and you must endure it kindly.

1st Footman. Sir, sir—for the love of peace, let's find shelter in the compound. Your courage will entirely undo us.

Ducat. Presence of mind is as necessary in danger as courage itself. Our allies are not lacking in courage. We will show them our presence of mind.

[*Noise of a tom-tom, off left*].

2nd Footman. Mr. Ducat, sir—a soldier from the Indian camp desires admittance. He's here, sir.

[*Enter, left,* CAWWAWKEE].

SCENE VII

DUCAT, POLLY, DUCAT'S SERVANTS, *cringing, and* CAWWAWKEE

Ducat. Well, my man, are you prepared to assist your benefactors?

Cawwawkee. I come from the mighty chief Pohetohee, my father, my chief and my master; inviting the English Colony to stand by its alliance and to give us help both in counsel and in arms. The pirates are plundering the island. Our tribe is ready for battle. I ask you, Colonel, to equip your men and to lead them into our camp.

Ducat. Does Macheath command the enemy?

Cawwawkee. Report says that he has disappeared.

Ducat. [*Pouring out rum*] Let us give thanks.

Cawwawkee. Pardon me, noble sir. We cannot relish your fire-water.

[DUCAT *drinks*].

Polly. [*Aside*] Macheath disappeared! Sure there has been foul play; for what hero has ever deserted his companions?

Cawwawkee. The pirates, sir, are commanded by a negro —one Morano—who in valour and ferocity is true brother to Macheath.

Ducat. When we have put our arms in order we shall be with you. Inform your master that he may begin the battle.

[*Exit* CAWWAWKEE, *left*].

Women—away!

[*Exeunt* FEMALE SERVANTS, *into the house*].

Fellows, make a busy show of polishing the muskets and edging the swords: but take your time, take your time.

[*Exeunt* FOOTMEN, *right*].

SCENE VIII

DUCAT *and* POLLY

Polly. How noble and candid are the airs of these poor savages!

Ducat. Pooh, child—they must be civilised. They are so rude as to practise neither drinking nor gallantry.

[*Enter* MRS. DUCAT *from the house*].

SCENE IX

DUCAT, POLLY *and* MRS. DUCAT

Mrs. Ducat. Lud, husband—who is here? The new maid? A pox on your beastliness. I'll not endure it.

Ducat. Come, wife—use her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your suspicions are very frivolous and unreasonable.

Mrs. Ducat. I'll not have a handsome wench in the house. They are always saucy.

Ducat. Why, are not you yourself a proof that a handsome woman may be honest?

Mrs. Ducat. Get to your own affairs, and leave mine to me.

Air VIII

Ducat. When a woman jealous grows,
Farewell all peace of life!

Mrs. Ducat. But ere man roves, he should pay what he owes,
And with her due content his wife.

Ducat. 'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.

Mrs. Ducat. And ours at will to disobey.

Ducat. 'Tis just and fit
You should submit.

Mrs. Ducat. But not, you monster, not to-day!

Ducat. Let your clack be still!

Mrs. Ducat. Not till I have my will.
If thus you reason slight,
There's never an hour
While breath has power,
But I will assert my right.

I had sooner die on the spot than keep an impudent strumpet under my nose.

Ducat. Accept her as a gift from me. I have great affairs on hand and must leave her to your protection. A statue, madam, is not more virtuous.

[*Exit* DUCAT, *right*].

SCENE X

POLLY *and* MRS. DUCAT.

Polly. Madam Ducat——

Mrs. Ducat. By that over-honest look, I guess you to be a horrid jade: an entire hypocrite whitewashed with innocence. I will send you to the House of Correction. Had you any shame in you, creature, you would now be all over scarlet. Not a word of contrition? I perceive that you are very ill-bred. Have you never heard that politeness costs nothing—foul confident slut? Do you know, madam, that I am Mr. Ducat's wife?

Polly. As your servant, madam, I think myself happy.

Mrs. Ducat. My servant! His doxy, you mean.

Polly. Were you acquainted with my misfortune, Madam, you could not insult me.

Air IX

Utterly alone and forsaken,
Thus I bid adieu to joy.
Now that all I cherished is taken,
Nothing more can fate destroy.
Never look'd the wintry ocean
When 'twas wracked with wild commotion,
Or a night without a star,
Black as my misfortunes are.

Mrs. Ducat. Misfortunes! You talk as though you were married.

Polly. Alas, I am indeed an unhappy wife.

Mrs. Ducat. Married—you? When, where, to whom?

Polly. My husband, by the impetuosity of his nature, incurred the displeasure of the law. He was transported to this island; and so soon as I knew the destination of the brig that carried him, I made haste to follow in the next.

Mrs. Ducat. You have certainly a genteel deportment, Mrs. Polly, but if I learn that you have been fibbing I shall lend you a flick.

Polly. You will allow, Madam, that I have shown candour. Save me from the Plantations: for I vow I will never submit to Mr. Ducat's embraces.

Mrs. Ducat. Why, Polly, what should I do?

Polly. In conniving at my escape you would protect your reputation and be avenged upon your husband.

Mrs. Ducat. If I let you escape now, he will suppose that you got off in the confusion of their preparations.

Polly. But whither should I flee?

Mrs. Ducat. To the Indian camp. My husband will never venture there: 'tis too near the battle. The poor savages think mighty much of us women, but for your better security you shall put on a man's habit. I will lend you my nephew's uniform.

Polly. How shall I requite such kindness? May virtue be my protection, for I feel within me hope, cheerfulness and resolution.

Mrs. Ducat. The servants are mustering. Come, Polly—into the house!

[*Exeunt into the house. Enter, left,* DUCAT *and his* TWO FOOTMEN, *with weapons*].

SCENE XI

Ducat *and the* Two Footmen

Ducat. What-a-devil are you about, putting the weapons in order so briskly ? We shall be hard-pressed to avoid the battle.

[*Enter, left* Mrs. Trapes *and* Six Women of the Town].

SCENE XII

Ducat, Footmen, Mrs. Trapes *and* Women

Mrs. Trapes. Mr. Ducat, as you prize honour, save us !

Ducat. Heigh ? Mrs. Trapes, this is unwise.

Mrs. Trapes. Men will be men, Mr. Ducat ; and those pirates are marching straight to my Academy for Young Gentlewomen. Give us your protection.

Ducat. But my wife will never admit these ladies.

Mrs. Trapes. They are handy wenches. Enrol them on your staff—as cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, kitchen-girl, scullery-wench and a nurse for the little ones when Madam proves more obliging.

Ducat. Wounds, Mrs. Di, 'tis flat impossible. I dote on a tender sensation—but you see me a Colonel of Militia, accoutred for war !

[*Enter* Mrs. Ducat *from the house*].

SCENE XIII

Ducat, Footmen, Mrs. Trapes, Women *and* Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Ducat. Husband ! That Polly has slipped from the house.

Ducat. Polly—escaped ?

Mrs. Trapes. Undutiful hussy !

Mrs. Ducat. [*To* Mrs. Trapes] Ah, Mrs. Trapes—*I* know you ; and if anyone knows you better it must be the turnkeys of London !

Air X

Mrs. Ducat. [*To* DUCAT].
Unless you take her from my eyes,
I'll tear her all to pieces!

Mrs. Trapes. [*To* DUCAT].
Oh sir, you'll never jeopardise
The virtue of my nieces?

Mrs. Ducat. [*To* MRS. T.] The Scriptures have a name for you!

Mrs. Trapes. [*To* MRS. D.] But you they were afraid of!

Mrs. Ducat. [*To* DUCAT]. Now quickly, husband—up and do!

Mrs. Trapes. [*To* DUCAT]. Now show her what you're made of!

Ducat. Wife—get into the house, for the fighting will soon begin. [*To* MRS. TRAPES]. Before I give you harbourage, widow, recover the goods you sold me. Bring back Polly. Away!

[*Exit* MRS. DUCAT *into the house. Exit* MRS. TRAPES, *left*].

Ladies, I offer you the refuge of my verandah.

[*The* WOMEN OF THE TOWN *huddle together on the verandah*].

Now, lads! What—are you all a-tremble? Summon up resolution; and since music is the fuel of Mars, let forth a roaring song. Advance! I will follow instantly.

Air XI

Footmen. Despair leads to battle, no courage so great.
They must conquer or die who've no retreat.
No retreat,
No retreat,
They must conquer or die who've no retreat.

[*Exeunt right, marching*].

SCENE XIV

Ducat *and* Women of the Town

Ducat. Ah, Molly Brazen—Mrs. Slammekin—Betty Doxy! There's no life like a soldier's. Come, hussies—fear nothing. I will be your protector! I will stay here till the death!

Air XII

Ducat.
A woman, when war oppresses,
May take the risk upon her
Of scattering kind caresses,
And fear no loss of honour.
The deed that we hide and smuggle
In days of peaceful spirit,
When nations are locked in struggle
Is ever accounted a merit.

Women of the Town.
When war is alive in a nation
A man may be a hero;
A woman who keeps her station
Will find her worth at zero.
But if we employ his leisure
Who wins a name in story,
By giving the warrior pleasure
We share in the warrior's glory.

All.
Who'll sing me an air?
I'll bear a part in it.
Come, then—to your share!
Pour forth your heart in it!
Who'll trip me a dance?
I'll join in your jollity.
Come—now is your chance,
Now show us your quality!

(CURTAIN).

ACT II

ACT II

SCENE :—*The Pirates' Camp. A couple of drums with jugs and mugs upon them. Muskets stacked. A small tent, back right.*

SCENE I

VANDERBLUFF, *and* PIRATES

Air XIII

Cutlace. A pirate either must sink—

Chorus. Or drink,

Cutlace. And mugs of pewter were made to clink.

Chorus. (With a clinkum, clankum, clinketty clang !)

Cutlace. So give 'em a health as you watch them drown,
For that's how the men of the Crown—
Go down.

Chorus. (With a twinkum, twankum, twinkum, twankum, twang !)

Cutlace. Now, when your wives are a score—

Chorus. And more !

Cutlace. You'll toast 'em all when you step ashore

Chorus. (With a clinkum, clankum, clinketty clang !)

Cutlace. But though I am partial to Peg and Ann,
There's none of 'em pleases a man—

Chorus. Like Nan !
(With a twinkum, twankum, twinkum, twankum, twang !)

Vanderbluff. Come brothers, a sup or two of our cag would quicken invention. Damme, if we cannot rouse Macheath from his melancholy, we shall lose the battle and our lives.

Laguerre. Parbleu! 'Tis the woman of Macheath—she ruin him.

Vanderbluff. Aye, brother—'tis that Jenny Diver who has undone him. Why did he blacken his face? Why did he assume the name of Morano? 'Twas to satisfy some whim of that gaudy wench.

Hacker. Kill the slut.

Pirates. Aye—blood, blood!

Vanderbluff. If he does not put her away—shiver my timbers, he'll bring the name of pirate into disrepute. Our profession is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declared war on the world?

Culverin. Ah, brothers, piracy is not what it was.

Laguerre. When he change his name—peste! but he change his nature. Morano have no more the heart of Macheath.

Capstern. Who can cut throats on a diet of water, damme?

Vanderbluff. Brothers—if he don't show a more ferocious temper, split me! I'll not follow him.

Pirates. Down with his woman!

Vanderbluff. He must drink, like a Christian. He must kill Jenny Diver, like a gentleman.

Pirates. Aye, aye.

Vanderbluff. If he refuses, let him rot where he stands. Who are we to be ruined by a strumpet? Let Morano become Macheath once more or, by Hell's Mouth, I'll usurp the leadership of our company.

Pirates. Mutiny, mutiny!

Vanderbluff. No woman shall ever dilute the desperate nature of Theodore Vanderbluff.

Hacker. Lieutenant, you shall be spokesman for the crew. He must cut his wife's throat or, blast me to powder, we'll mutiny.

Vanderbluff. If I lead you to victory, brothers, I shall claim the crown of Mexico.

Laguerre. Mais non! Parbleu! the Mexico, she is mine.

Culverin. A frog on the throne of Mexico? You shall have Guatemala.

Capstern. Devil take you all, Mexico's my share.

Vanderbluff. Yours! Vile bottlewasher!

Hacker. Pimp!

Culverin. Scoundrel!

Laguerre. Hypocrite!

[THEY *draw their cutlasses. Enter, right,* MORANO *with darkened face*].

SCENE II

PIRATES *and* MORANO

Morano. Hold, gentlemen. My pistols are charged, and I have never yet failed to pink my man. Dismiss!

Vanderbluff. Captain, we do not like this chopfallen aspect.

Morano. Away with you all! The Indians will be down on us in a twinkling. Make ready for battle. Your lives depend on my meditations.

[*Exeunt* PIRATES, *right*].

SCENE III

MORANO

Morano. The great man is never understood. They suppose me to dote upon Jenny; but I'd give away Mexico if one of them would take the wench off my hands. They suppose that my resolution is impaired by the heat of the Indies acting upon my liver; but a gentleman is above the inconveniences of the liver. 'Tis love, 'tis the recollection of Polly, that destroys my peace. I may struggle to be worthy of her love, but Jenny and these rascals will not permit me to become virtuous. Ah, Polly—shall I drown your face in a mug of sack? No, no, Macheath—refrain.

I must rid myself of Jenny. I'll not be kept in sin by the allurements of the slut: yet she loves me so plaguey well that I shall with difficulty shake her off. Come! Macheath shall end his days in the odour of sanctity, and hob-nob with the vergers at Canterbury.

Air XIV

How greatly is a rascal curst!
How profitless reform for him!
No man will ever see him thirst;
No woman let him flout her will.
What pleasure is a glass to me?
What care I for the wanton's art?
Thus, Polly, do I drink to thee,
Dear one, who still enchains my heart!

[*Enter* Vanderbluff, *right*].

SCENE IV

Morano *and* Vanderbluff

Vanderbluff. Morano! What—drinking? Then you have shook off your fit of piety?

Morano. Lieutenant, what news?

Vanderbluff. The Indians are in alliance with Mr. Ducat and if you don't sever yourself immediately from the blandishments of your wife, Captain—devil fetch me, we're likely to cut no more throats till the Judgment Day.

Morano. You should respect my wife, Lieutenant. She will soon be Empress of Mexico—if nobody carries her off.

Vanderbluff. Shame on you, Morano! While a man is grappling with these gilflirts, he runs his reason aground; and there must be a woundy deal of labour to set it afloat again.

Air XV

Though woman be a pretty craft,
She's never worth pursuing.
No dainty tackle, fore and aft,
Should tow a man to ruin.
Though kisses have a charm, no doubt,
And fondness is but human,
'Tis better far to go without
Than have too much of woman.

Excuse my plain-speaking, Captain. A boatswain must swear when he spies foul weather ahead.

Morano. If necessary, we can retreat to our ship.

Vanderbluff. To our woman, you mean! Furies! you talk like one yourself. Shall we lose the gold of the Indies because our leader is bewitched?

[HE *draws his cutlass*].

Morano. Have a care, Lieutenant. Put up your cutlass, for I shall not ruin our cause in a private quarrel. Beside, you may be useful.

Vanderbluff. Noble Captain, I ask pardon. But the crew are in a dangerous frame, and if you do not speedily give orders for the battle they will set me up in your place.

Morano. Thunder and lightning! Do they doubt my courage? Because I am disguised, do they forget that I am Macheath? This is too much, and they shall repent their disloyalty.

[*Enter* JENNY, *right*].

SCENE V

MORANO, VANDERBLUFF *and* JENNY

Jenny. Lieutenant, I am confident you will not show yourself so ill-bred as to incommode the farewell of a wife to her hero.

Morano. [*To* VAN.]. Withdraw.

Vanderbluff. Morano, we shall expect you immediately. [*Exit* Vanderbluff, *right*].

SCENE VI

Morano *and* Jenny

Morano. Prepare to part from me, hussy.

Jenny. O Macheath, I cannot endure the prospect of widowhood. If you should fall, how could I earn a living? 'Tis not here as in London. Here they have no coffee-houses, no brandy-shops, and few pockets—that are worth picking.

Morano. Dead or alive, Jenny, I shall no longer court the pleasing sensations of love.

Air XVI

By women won
We're all undone.
Each wench hath a syren's charms.
The lover's deeds
Are good or ill
As whim succeeds
In woman's will.
Resolution is lull'd in her arms.

Jenny. [*Wheedling*]. Think better of it, husband. Let us lay hold of the treasure-chest, escape to a ship in the hurly-burly of battle, and get away to England.

Air XVII

How many men have found the skill
Of power and wealth acquiring?
But sure there's a time to stint the will,
And the judgment is in retiring.
For to be displac'd,
For to be disgrac'd,
Is the end of too high aspiring.

Morano. Insinuating angel! How can I dissolve the bond that unites us?

Jenny. Do you seek to be rid of me? I declare, you still dote upon Mrs. Polly. Blister her!

Morano. Why, Jenny, I love you to distraction. Was it not entirely for you that I have disguised myself as a black—to screen myself from women who laid claim to me wherever I went? In this mask Polly herself would not know me.

Jenny. Come then—desert the crew. Between us we can carry the treasure-chest.

Morano. Why, Jenny, you have no just notions of the world.

Air XVIII

Morano. Shall I not be bold when honour calls?
You've a heart that would upbraid me then.

Jenny. But ah, I fear, if my hero falls,
His Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.

Morano. To deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat:
I conquer but to make thee great.

Jenny. But if my hero falls—ah then
His Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.

Morano. Though it may be hard to part from life,
Harder yet it is to part from thee.

Jenny. And so, as I am thy doting wife—
I pray you, relent and linger with me.

Morano. Ah, think how proudly thou shalt show
Upon the throne of Mexico!

Jenny. But if my hero falls—ah then,
His Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.

Morano. It may be possible, Jenny, to avoid a battle. Diplomacy can do much. Ducat is a poltroon who had rather pay a thousand pistoles than face death from a musket: and the Indians are simple and honest—no match for an European brain. I'll squeeze em all while they are in juice.

[*Enter, left,* Laguerre *and* Hacker, *leading* Polly *who is disguised as a man. Her hands are bound*].

SCENE VII

Morano, Jenny, Laguerre, Hacker *and* Polly

Laguerre. Morano, Morano!

Morano. What cheer, lads? A prisoner?

Hacker. A mere stripling, but we found him within a furlong of the Indian Camp. There's no question, he's a most bloodthirsty spy.

Morano. He may have information of value.

Jenny. He has the look of some rich planter's son, and will bring us a rare ransom.

Morano. [*To* Polly]. Well, boy—what are you? One falsehood, and you perish.

Polly. A young gentleman, sir, who has been barbarously used by the world. I came to the Plantations in the hope of mending my fortune, but I perceive that I must use my sword in this conflict either upon the one side or the other: and since I have a quarrel with Mr. Ducat, I am at present of no party.

Air XIX

The world is always jarring;
This is pursuing
'Tother man's ruin;
Friends with friends are sparring
Though they may smile and fawn.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging;
Calumny, raging,
Murders reputations
Over the cards at dawn.
Thus with burning hate
Each, returning hate,

Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life
Even man and wife
Squabble for selfish ends.

Jenny. Crush me! He really is a mighty pretty man.

Morano. Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. If your actions answer to your speech, my lad, your fortune is made.

Polly. Sir, if I stand among those who were mustered by the famous Captain Macheath, I shall be proud to serve with them and even, if necessary, to fall.

Jenny. [*Provocative*]. How gallant a youth! Here indeed is a rival, husband.

Morano. Young gentleman, this is my wife. Discourse with her.

Jenny. [*Piqued*]. Morano!

[*Enter* VANDERBLUFF, CULVERIN *and* OTHER PIRATES].

SCENE VIII

MORANO, JENNY, POLLY, *and* THE PIRATES

Vanderbluff. Noble Captain, we await our orders.

Morano. Gentlemen, my plans are laid. If diplomacy should fail to extract the enemy's gold——

Pirates. Blood! Blood!

Morano. We will hunt them into the sea. But understand me perfectly. I will not command a mere rabble. I must have the utmost efficiency; and to that end I shall give you rank and authority in a descending scale. Lieutenant Vanderbluff is your second-in-command. Laguerre, Hacker, Culverin and Capstern shall hold rank in the order of their naming.

Gentlemen, not a step must you advance, not a ball must you fire, without an order from the officer who is immediately above you ; and I myself, as the brain of our enterprise, shall issue my commands to the Lieutenant.

Pirates. Long live Morano !

Air XX

Pirates. By bolder steps we win the race.
Let's haste where danger calls.
Unless ambition mend its pace,
It totters, nods and falls.
We must advance or be undone :
Think thus, and then the battle's won—
With a fa la la, &c.

Morano. I shall now review the troops. Jenny, I leave you to sift this young gentleman with further questions.

Vanderbluff. Come, noble captain—take one hearty smack upon her lips and then steer off.

Air XXI

[*While* Morano *sings this air,* Vanderbluff *pulls him to the left,* Jenny *to the right*].

Honour calls me from thy arms : [*to Jenny*
With glory my bosom is beating.
Victory summons to arms : and to arms
Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.
One more look—and then— [*to Jenny*
Oh, I am lost again !
What a power has beauty !
Though love forbids me, I must away,
For honour calls and I must obey. [*to Vanderbluff*
Ah, no, no, no— [*to Jenny*
Pray let me go :
'Tis war claims all my duty !

[*Exeunt* Omnes, *Curtain*].

SCENE IX

[*Same scene. Moonlight.* PIRATES *cross the stage singing.* MORANO *crosses*].

Air XXII

Pirates. Brave boys, prepare!
Now battle fires the soul.
Forsake the blushing fair,
Forsake the genial bowl.

Let fools advance and fall
For love of empty fame;
Or dare the cannon's ball
To shield their country's name.

We risk a warrior's grave
In hope of wealth untold.
Let honour spur the slave:
We fight for honest gold.

[*Enter* JENNY *and* POLLY].

SCENE X

JENNY *and* POLLY

Jenny. Were you ever in love, young gentleman?

Polly. All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

Jenny. Then a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young spark?

Polly. [*Aside*]. I must put on a bold manner or I shall be discovered.—I lost my impudence, madam, with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

Jenny. I am a plain-spoken woman, as you find, and I own I like you.

Air XXIII

Some there are who never venture
Where it is not safe to roam;
Some who, signing one indenture,
Never seek a second home.

Let them bide in church and chapel;
Let them practise what they preach.
Must we, if we love an apple,
Never more desire a peach?

Polly. Indeed, madam, I know you do but rally me. Respect keeps me in awe.

Jenny. By your behaviour one would think I was your wife: and, that being so, I shall take her freedom. [*kisses* Polly]. Such rallying, my dear, deserves replication.

Polly. S'death, ma'am, I am man enough to relish a fine woman's lips, and I can repay their gifts handsomely. [*kisses* Jenny]. If I am too rude——

Jenny. A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

Air XXIV

We never flout the forward swain
Who puts us to the trial.

Polly. I know you first would give me pain,
Then baulk me with denial.

Jenny. What mean we, then, by being tried?

Polly. With scorn and slight to use us.
Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind but to refuse us.

But, madam, report says that you were acquainted with the great hero Macheath. No man in whose bosom a spark of courage resides can fail to thirst for news of him. I pray you, is he alive?

Jenny. Bless me! you have not a scruple of love in you. You stand there as cool as a cowcumber. As for Macheath—my husband has hidden him away.

Polly. You have struck a damp to my heart! Have I taken service under Macheath's betrayer?

Jenny. What's all this sideways babble? Go, monster! I hate you, and you shall find that I can be avenged.

[*Enter* MORANO, *right*].

SCENE XI

JENNY, POLLY *and* MORANO

Morano. What-a-vengeance is the matter?

Jenny. Sure never was such insolence. How could you leave me with this bawdy-house bully? An attempt upon your wife!

Morano. [*Calmly*]. 'Tis the way of the town, Jenny. Come, boy, ask pardon— [*aside to* POLLY] and don't lose hope.

Jenny. Oh Morano, I hate you for being so little jealous.

Morano. His intentions may have been honourable. If I should be killed in the battle, 'twere well to be beforehand with a likely wife.

Jenny. If you are so easy in the matter, I shall throw off my harness.

Air XXV

Jenny. If husbands sit unsteady,
Most wives for freaks are ready.
Neglect the rein,
The mare again
Grows skittish, wild and heady.

Morano. She might indeed unsettle
A lad who's not in fettle:
But men who've shown
They can't be thrown,
Prefer the mare of mettle!

Polly. And he who's not her master
May meet with dire disaster:
But, quick to learn,
Will home return,
And patch his head with plaster.

[*Enter* CAPSTERN, *right*].

SCENE XII*

MORANO, JENNY, POLLY *and* CAPSTERN

Capstern. Noble Captain—an envoy from the enemy.

Morano. Admit him.—Into the tent, Jenny—[*To* CAPSTERN] Corporal, keep a watch on this young man. I need him.

[*Exit* JENNY *into the tent. Exeunt* CAPSTERN *and* POLLY. *Enter* CAWWAWKEE, *between two* PIRATES].

SCENE XII*

MORANO, CAWWAWKEE *and* PIRATES

Cawwawkee. The mighty chief Pohetohee, being always favourable to the cause of peace, commands me to say, Morano, that if you will depart by your ship he will furnish you with stores enough to support you on the voyage to your distant country.

Morano. 'Tis plain as a pikestaff, he hopes to save his skin at the cost of sixpence.

Cawwawkee. You question our courage ?

Morano. This is a diplomatic trap.

Cawwawkee. We say what we mean. We have no guile in us.

Morano. Take to your master a counter-proposal. If he will despatch a hundred thousand pistoles to our camp, we will spare his life.

Cawwawkee. You reject our offer of peace ?

Morano. Bold savage, if you would not perish, discover your gold. Be reasonable, and we will treat you civilly. Flout us, and you must face our cannon.

Cawwawkee. Understand, Morano, that to an Indian, death is less terrible than dishonour. In the name of the English Colony and of my great master Pohetohee—I declare war against you !

* On the stage Scenes XII and XIII are omitted.

Morano. I accept the challenge.

Cawwawkee. Have I a safe-conduct through your camp?

Pirates. Brand him! Slit his nose! Tip the lion on him!

Morano. Culverin, conduct the envoy with all respect to the open country.

Cawwawkee. Morano—farewell.

[*Exeunt* OMNES, CULVERIN *and* CAWWAWKEE, *left, the* OTHERS *right. Enter* CAPSTERN *and* POLLY].

SCENE XIV

POLLY *and* CAPSTERN

Capstern. Shrivel me, young gentleman, you do seem out of luck with the world.

Air XXVI

Polly.

Virtue's treasure
Is a pleasure,
Cheerful even amid distress;
Nor pain nor crosses,
Nor grief nor losses,
Nor death itself can make it less:
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honest souls find all redress.

Capstern. A man of honour is never above helping those in distress; and, if you desire to escape, a few guineas will work wonders.

Polly. Oh sir—take all that I have, if you will but deliver me from this camp.

[SHE *gives* HIM *her purse*].

Capstern. Hm. Two guineas . . . Where will you go?

Polly. To the Indians; for there is a nobility in these savages that puts our countrymen to shame.

Capstern. Benevolence, like mine, is poorly rated by Morano's crew; and if they find you missing, 'twill go hard with me. I'll desert. Come, come!

[*Exeunt, left. Enter* Vanderbluff *pulling* Mrs. Trapes].

SCENE XV

Vanderbluff *and* Mrs. Trapes

Mrs. Trapes. Stay—I am short of breath. Fie upon you, Lieutenant! Have I still so much power over the heart?

Vanderbluff. You are here as one of the enemy spies.—Ho, Morano!

Mrs. Trapes. You're a strange wicked fellow, Lieutenant. Pray understand that a distant salute is all I will allow before the ceremony.

[*Enter* Morano, *right*].

SCENE XVI

Vanderbluff, Mrs Trapes *and* Morano

Morano. [*Recognising her*]. Thunder and lightning

Vanderbluff. A spy, noble Captain. She keeps an Academy for Young Gentlewomen.

Mrs. Trapes. Where the brave are ever welcome.

Morano. You shall have your freedom, madam—on one condition.

Mrs. Trapes. Fie, fie, Captain! This gallant gentleman has a prior claim.

Air XXVII

Morano. Madam, alas, I am wholly undone,
Since the ancient tag should run
"Love is blind to all but one."

Who can capture his
Heart where rapture is?
All the wittiest
All the prettiest,
Then must ogle a swain in vain.

Madam, I am in the toils of an angelical urchin, and desire to be rid of her. Carry off the wench when the battle grows hot, and I'll pay you a dozen pistoles.

Vanderbluff. Now, Captain, you speak like a gentleman.

Morano. [*To* MRS. T.] Will you do it?

Mrs. Trapes. Begin your battle, and I'll see that the enemy shall take her captive.

Morano. Excellent creature! Make sure that she is captured. Here she comes. Look well at her.

[*Enter* JENNY, *and the* PIRATES, *right*].

SCENE XVII

MORANO, MRS. TRAPES, JENNY, *and the* PIRATES *excepting* CAPSTERN

Morano. Jenny, I entrust you to the care of this admirable woman. Obey her in everything.

Hacker. Captain—the enemy has cut off our passage to the ship.

Laguerre. We have them behind us, we have them before us.

Morano. Then, brothers, it is Victory or Death!

Vanderbluff. Victory!

Morano. Lieutenant, bring up our cannon. Stack the ammunition.

[*A few* PIRATES *run out, right*].

Vanderbluff. Very good, sir.—Laguerre—the cannon, the ammunition.

Laguerre. Sergeant Hacker——

Hacker. [*To* Culverin]. Corporal——

Culverin. [*Looking round for Pirates*]. Lads——Why sir, 'tis rank mutiny. They have not awaited their orders.

[*The* Pirates *return with a small low cannon on wheels, and with a supply of cannon-balls, which* They *proceed to pile in a pyramid*].

Morano. They shall be court-martialled—if they survive the battle. For the present, gentlemen, consider that the music of war requires an overture ; and, since 'tis impossible to enliven the heart with a martial strain if the belly lacks rum—pour it in bumpers, and strike terror into these savages by the confidence of your song.

Air XXVIII

Pirates. Laugh, boys, laugh loud—
And a fig for all your sorrow :
Drink, boys, drink deep,
And the Devil take to-morrow.

Give me the fellow
Who when he is mellow
Will bellow a lively fable :
And then, in his glory,
Continue the story
And finish it under the table.

Roar us a chorus :
The night is before us,
And slowly the liquor's mounting :
So crack me the seventh
Or maybe eleventh,
And damn'd be he who's counting !

CURTAIN

ACT III

ACT III

SCENE :—*As in Act Two, the Pirates' Camp. By this time, however,* THEY *have set up a rude barricade of tree-trunks, old chairs, etc., which cuts the stage in half, and in the course of the action* THEY *confine themselves to the right of the stage. The light is vague. It is not yet dawn.*

Enter, left, POLLY, *still in her disguise.*

SCENE I

POLLY

Polly. With the habit, I must put on the courage and resolution of a man ; for I am everywhere surrounded with dangers. The Indians indeed have shown themselves kind even to importunity, but it is not by staying with them that I shall discover my dear Macheath. How restless is love ! [*Music, two or three bars of the Dead March*]. My imagination follows him everywhere : would my feet were as swift ! [*two or three bars more*]. How sultry a night I have passed ! I'm tired, I'm faint.

Air XXIX

Sleep, O sleep,
With thy rod of incantation,
Charm my imagination.
Then, only then, I cease to weep.
By thy power,
The virgin, by time o'ertaken,
For years forlorn, forsaken,
Enjoys the happy hour.
What's to sleep ?
'Tis a visionary blessing ;
A dream that's past expressing ;
Our utmost wish possessing ;
So may I always keep.

[SHE *falls asleep. Enter right,* MORANO *and* MRS. TRAPES, *the latter in a passion*].

SCENE II

Morano *and* Mrs. Trapes: Polly *asleep*

Mrs. Trapes. 'Tis not for nothing, sir, that I always consorted with quality. I know the ways of you great men. If I fail to rid you of your wife, though I should have done my best, I am sure I may pipe for my payment.

Morano. Here—take your payment in advance. [*gives* Her *money*]. At any cost, you must rid me of Jenny. Hark you, Mrs. Trapes—I design to execute a retreat. The enemy will drive us from our camp here. They will start in pursuit. At that instant, show yourself with Jenny, and feign to be a couple of trembling pigeons. They will then capture you and, who knows? you may be able to dispose of the wench to Mr. Ducat.

Mrs. Trapes. Sure, sir, though you are dusky there's many of the sex would think you mighty handsome. You should be thinking of a better marriage. If only I could discover where Polly Peachum has wandered!

Morano. Polly Peachum—here on this island? Bring her to me, Mrs. Trapes, and Morano shall prove that he can act like a gentleman.

Mrs. Trapes. You will marry her honestly?

Morano. I will restore her to Macheath.

Mrs. Trapes. Fie, fie! When you have seen her, your generosity will yield to a warmer sensation.

Morano. I was generous from the cradle; and Macheath will not rejoice more in her recovery than I.

Air XXX

Mrs. Trapes. Wait until you spy the charmer;
Wait until you hear her speak.
Had you even Achilles' armour,
You would find it all too weak,
Ding-a ding-a ding ding dong.

Morano. Madam, though her eyes be killing,
Honour is the crown of life.
Not until Macheath is willing,
Can she be Morano's wife.
Ding-a ding-a ding ding dong.

Morano. [*bowing*]. And now, Madam—farewell.

Mrs. Trapes. What, captain! Will you go? Is it not here that the battle will take place?

Morano. The battle? Can I delay for such trifle now? What is war by comparison with woman? Dispose of Jenny as best you can. Then find out Polly: and when the battle is ended, bring her here!

[*Enter* VANDERBLUFF].

SCENE III

POLLY *asleep*, MORANO, MRS. TRAPES *and* VANDERBLUFF

Vanderbluff. Noble Captain—look, look! The enemy are about to take up their position.

Morano. Lieutenant, I consign the leadership of my army to you.

Vanderbluff. To me? Will you not fight?

Morano. I have greater affairs on hand. Polly Peachum is here, here on this island: and I go to prepare her husband for the joyous encounter.—[*To* MRS. TRAPES]. Madam, I swear by my courage as a soldier that when next you set eyes upon Morano you shall also set eyes upon the missing hero—Captain Macheath!

Air XXXI

Morano. Though different passions rage by turns,
The nobler passion sways me;
For still my thirst of battle burns
But Cupid's net delays me:
The scarlet coat, the bugle's note,
Are toys that youth may treasure,
But when we're grown, 'tis love alone
Can give us a constant pleasure.

[*Exit*].

SCENE IV

Polly *asleep*, Mrs. Trapes *and* Vanderbluff

Vanderbluff. Sharks and whales, how he scuds before a petticoat!

Mrs. Trapes. [*Languishing on* Vanderbluff]. Ah, lieutenant! The brave are always amorous.

Vanderbluff. [*Throwing* Her *off*]. Perish my liver, Madam—this is no time for flim-flam. War first and woman after——

Mrs. Trapes. Ah . . .

Vanderbluff. That's the rule with Theodore Vanderbluff: and, brand me, if I don't take Jenny Diver aboard, when we've scuttled the enemy. She's there in the tent. Look to her. Here come the Indians. Away!

[*Exit, right.* Mrs. Trapes *goes into the tent. Enter* Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, *and the* Indians].

SCENE V

Polly *asleep*, Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, *and the* Indians

Cawwawkee. [*To* Pohetohee, *seeing* Polly]. Why, sir, there he is—worn out with fatigues.

[Cawwawkee *wakes* Polly].

Polly. Oh, sir, what is this? Does the battle already begin?

Cawwawkee. Honoured father, this young gentleman has shown himself so candid and so honourable that I beg you to recognise and reward his merit.

Pohetohee. [*To* Polly]. Indeed, sir, I shall study to honour you as you deserve. Have you a wife, young gentleman?

Polly. Why no, sir; and if I should fall in the battle I shall not be mourned.

Pohetohee. Then, sir, you shall permit me to supply your deficiency. I perceive that you have no prejudice against our colour; and, though lemon-posset and pomatum will not turn her complexion to cream, you shall find my daughter a most amiable maiden. I offer you her hand.

Polly. Great chief, were it possible——

Cawwawkee. Do not cross my father. He is choleric.

Pohetohee. Understand, boy—we are a proud race and will not stomach affronts.

Polly. Now indeed I am undone. Oh that I could discover my Macheath!

[*Enter* VANDERBLUFF *and the* PIRATES, *right*].

SCENE VI

POLLY, *the* INDIANS, VANDERBLUFF *and the* PIRATES

Air XXXII

Pirates.
For all his pain,
The fish in vain
May nose the net that traps him.
The angler smiles
Upon his wiles,
And in the wallet claps him.

When bitter foes
In war oppose,
The stronger may be prouder;
But, if he will,
The weaker still
May save at least his powder.

[*The opposing* ARMIES *prepare for the battle*].

Pohetohee. Soldiers, remember that in battle we should exhibit the fearlessness of free men, but that in the hour of victory we should consider that the enemy shares our common humanity. In attack, be resolute: in pursuit, be merciful. Soldiers—advance with prudence!

Air XXXIII

Women of the Town. Men are but frail.
What cares woman
Who shall prevail?
All are human.
Though we may never be
Ruled by reason,
Beauty will ever be
Fruit in season.
See how they quake!
See their pallor!
Nothing can shake
Indian valour.
Forward and shatter them,
Death-defying!
Scatter them scatter them!
See them, flying!

Pohetohee. Scatter them, scatter them!

[*The* Indians *rush the barricade and put the* Pirates *to rout.* Polly *is slightly wounded. Exeunt* Pirates, *right, followed by* Indians].

SCENE VII

Polly, Cawwawkee, Pohetohee, *and* Indians

Cawwawkee. Look, look—the young Englishman has fallen.

Polly. 'Tis nothing, sir. This was my first engagement and my first wound; but as I have survived the one I can support the other. I endure a more inward hurt.

[Cawwawkee *binds up her hand*].

Air XXXIV

Polly.
As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray,
Her heart sorely beating,
Sad murmur repeating,
Indulging her heart for her consort astray;
For force or death only could keep him away.

Now she thinks of the fowler, and every snare ;
If guns have not slain him,
The net must detain him,
Thus he'll rise in my thoughts every hour with a tear,
If safe from the battle he do not appear.

Pohetohee. Remove him to safety.—Soldiers, dismantle the barricades.

[CAWWAWKEE *leads out* POLLY, *left. Enter, left,* DUCAT *and his* TWO FOOTMEN].

SCENE VIII

POHETOHEE, INDIANS, DUCAT *and* TWO FOOTMEN

Pohetohee. Ah, sir, you arrive ? Ill-fortune, I fear, has prevented you from adding to your military glory. The foe fled before us.

Ducat. Come, boys ! We must crown our victory with a massacre of the vermin.—[*To* POHETOHEE] For shame, chieftain—will you halt here in sloth ? I am with you—fear nothing ! Pursue, pursue !

Pohetohee. Lead on, Colonel.

Ducat. Hurry, hurry ! I and my troops will support you, and prevent your men from turning tail.

Pohetohee. [*To his* MEN]. Advance !

[HE *and the remaining* INDIANS *run out, right.* DUCAT *and the* FOOTMEN *delay.* THEY *discover the liquor left by the pirates.*]

SCENE IX

DUCAT *and the* FOOTMEN

Ducat. Boys, 'twas a stubborn battle, and you deserve some relaxation. A mere pursuit can be left to the savages.

[THEY *drink*].

Air XXXV

Ducat. When horns with cheerful sound
Proclaim the active day;
Impatience warms the hound,
He burns to chase the prey.
Thus to the battle did we go, &c.

Footmen. Thus to battle did we go, &c.

Ducat. How charms the trumpet's breath!
The brave, with hope possessed,
Forgetting wounds and death,
Feel conquest in their breast.

Footmen. Thus to battle did we go, &c.

[*Enter from the tent,* Mrs. Trapes *and* Jenny *with extreme caution*].

SCENE X

Ducat, Two Footmen, Mrs. Trapes *and* Jenny

Mrs. Trapes. Softly, child. Not a word, not a cough—or they will take us prisoner.

[Mrs. Trapes *has a fit of coughing*].

Ducat. Who's that?

Jenny. Lud, ma'am—the enemy. Fly!

Mrs. Trapes. 'Tis useless, Jenny. We must make the best terms we may.

Ducat. Mrs. Trapes! Infamous cozener! Where is that Polly? Where are my seventy-five pistoles?

Mrs. Trapes. Sure, sir, you will not make two poor females your prisoners?

Ducat. [*Seeing* Jenny]. Here's a buxom belle. Boys—seize her!

Jenny. Spare me, spare me!

Mrs. Trapes. We will come peaceably, Mr. Ducat, if you respect our modesty. And because Polly proved but a poor bargain, I'll let you have this one cheap.

Ducat. A victorious general does not pay for his prisoners.

Air XXXVI

A general after the fight may rejoice
And, viewing the enemy's line,
May take of their loveliest women his choice
And call for the best of their wine—their wine,
And call for the best of their wine.

Mrs. Trapes.
What man with a heart in his bosom could take
Her kitten away from a cat?
And when a poor soul has her living to make,
Sure, who would deprive her of that? Poor thing!
Sure, who would deprive her of that?

Ducat. Enough, Mrs. Trapes. You shall not have a penny-piece for the girl. She will rank with my slaves.

Jenny. I'll never submit to barbarous usage. How d'ye do, sir!

[She *slaps* Ducat's *face*].

Mrs. Trapes. She is never tractable but when she is with me. Come, Colonel, I'll not be extortionate.

Ducat. [*To* 1*st* Footman]. March this hussy before me.

Mrs. Trapes. [*To 2nd* Footman]. And you, sir, shall march *me.*

Ducat. Leave her. She's a dried orange.

Jenny. [*Kicking and screaming*]. Help, help!

[*Exeunt* Ducat, Footmen *and* Jenny. *Enter* Polly *left*].

SCENE XI

Mrs. Trapes *and* Polly

Polly. Oh Madam, sure heaven must have directed my steps.

Mrs. Trapes. Why, lad, what's the matter? You are too late: I've lost her.

Polly. Pohetohee, the great Indian chief, has offered me the hand of his daughter.

Mrs. Trapes. She is monstrous rich. Marry her.

Polly. Indeed, madam, I cannot.

Mrs. Trapes. Overcome your repugnance, young man. There's many a couple that hate each other heartily and yet lead very comfortable genteel lives.

Polly. Madam, can you not divine the cause of my distress?

Air XXXVII

With sad emotion
Across the ocean
I fared to seek my heart's desire.
Oh pray, believe me
And thus reprieve me—
I am Miss Polly in boy's attire.

Mrs. Trapes. Polly? What trumped up story is this?

Polly. I hope, Madam, you have too good an opinion of me to imagine me capable of telling a falsehood. Alas, 'tis true—I am indeed the unhappy Polly.

[She *removes her hat and wig*].

Mrs. Trapes. Heaven stay me!

[She *takes a drink*].

Polly. But Madam, what shall I do? I place myself unreservedly in your hands.

Mrs. Trapes. I wonder at your lack of decorum, child. If he could see you so immodestly tricked out, your poor papa would blush in his grave.

Polly. Under a cactus close at hand, I have a bundle containing my proper clothes.

Mrs. Trapes. And we'll make a good match for you yet. Go, hussy—you must change your habiliments if only for the good name of your family. Fie, fie! here comes a man.

[*Exit*, Polly. *Enter*, Vanderbluff].

SCENE XII

Mrs. Trapes *and* Vanderbluff

Vanderbluff. Let him drown in fifty fathoms—the villain, the rascal, the giddy shuttlecock! Plague take him! Here we are—a defeated remnant—and all by his refusal to take part in the battle. Mrs. Trapes, 'tis you are to blame—you plotter, you meddler, you busybody!

Mrs. Trapes. Oh, Lieutenant, how can you rail at me thus? We are not yet married.

Vanderbluff. Nor ever shall be! If Polly is indeed on the island, why need you have told Macheath?

Mrs. Trapes. Macheath? I have never seen the Captain since the day when he was reprieved from the gallows.

Vanderbluff. Zounds, ma'am, I had thought you had more perspicacity. By the amorousness of his disposition you might have detected that Morano was no other than Macheath in disguise.

Mrs. Trapes. Is it possible? Then, in restoring Polly to his arms, I am merely reuniting a husband and wife

Vanderbluff. Madam, I feel for you ; but on this occasion you must content yourself by assisting the cause of virtue. As for gold, Mrs. Trapes, I will see that your pocket is well lined if you will console me for the loss of a battle by the gain of a wife.

Mrs. Trapes. Now, now, sir !

Vanderbluff. I speak of Jenny Diver. 'Tis a pretty urchin, and—swallow me whole—I'll marry her. Where have you bestowed the hussy ?

Mrs. Trapes. She is gone off with Mr. Ducat . . .

Vanderbluff. Let me get at him ! I'll blow off his top-gallant !

[*Enter* Mrs. Ducat].

SCENE XIII

Mrs. Trapes, Vanderbluff *and* Mrs. Ducat

Mrs. Ducat. Where's my husband ? Where's Mr. Ducat? Inform me instantly, or I'll have a fit of the vapours.

Mrs. Trapes. He is gone off with Jenny Diver.

Vanderbluff. Mrs. Ducat, you come in the nick. We must part 'em.

Mrs. Ducat. I'll pack her to the School of Correction. I'll have her set on the ducking-stool.

Vanderbluff. Yare, ladies, yare ! Here they come, with a fair wind behind them—and black weather ahead.

[*Enter* Ducat *and* Jenny].

SCENE XIV

Mrs. Trapes, Vanderbluff, Mrs. Ducat, Ducat *and* Jenny

Mrs. Ducat. Well, husband, well ?

Jenny. Oh lud, sir—your wife ! Where shall I flee ?

Vanderbluff. Tack for shore, Jenny. Here's a good breakwater!

[HE *offers* HER *the protection of his arm*].

Mrs. Ducat. Mr. Ducat, sir, I'll not hear a word from you. Were there any other magistrate on the island, I'd have you put in the stocks for this. First Polly, now Jenny——

Ducat. Stop your clack, wife. Can you not see that I have busied myself in finding a husband for Jenny? As for Polly——

Mrs. Trapes. As for Polly, Mrs. Ducat, I will shortly effect a match for her too. I have discovered Captain Macheath.

Ducat. Macheath? Then indeed we must assauge him with Polly or he'll gather the pirates again and ruin the country. Believe me, wife, I have now executed the last caper of youth. From this moment I abjure the modes of the age; and henceforth you may trust me entirely.

Mrs. Ducat. What, sir? I'd not trust you with an Ethiop!

Air XXXVIII

Mrs. Ducat.

I know your ways are foxey,
And yet I'll have you tame, sir:
I'll not endure your doxy
Though you may have no shame, sir.
Though lewdness be the fashion,
I say I'll not endure her.
However hot your Jenny's passion,
A ducking-stool will cure her!

Mrs. Ducat, Ducat, Jenny, Vanderbluff and Mrs. Trapes.

Since marriage first existed
'Twas ever vain to wrangle;
But where the strands are twisted
A knife will cut the tangle.

The law needs many a guinea,
And then 'tis oft repented:
But find another swain for Jenny
And all may be contented.

Ducat. Stay! I am Colonel of Militia, Magistrate of the Island and Sole Representative of His Majesty King George. I have had enough of war: I intend to reduce this country to peace. I have had enough of women——

Mrs. Ducat. What, sir? What?

Ducat. Madam, we can never have enough of divinities.—Mrs. Trapes, if indeed you know where to find her, seek out Polly.

Mrs. Trapes. I'll bring her. Oh, Mr. Ducat, I have done my best for this island, but there it is—men *will* slip back into virtue.

[*Exit*].

Vanderbluff. Mr. Ducat, sir, I take you at your word. See where the Indians approach. Make peace between us. We demand nothing but provisions for our journey to Spithead. As for the gold of the Indies—here is my Mexico!

Jenny. And you, after all, her Emperor!

Ducat. Go—summon your men, and bring in Macheath.

Vanderbluff. Aye, aye, sir. Come, Jenny.

[*Exeunt* VANDERBLUFF *and* JENNY, *right.*

[*Enter left,* POHETOHEE *and the* INDIANS].

SCENE XV

MRS. DUCAT, DUCAT, POHETOHEE *and* INDIANS

Ducat. Pohetohee, henceforth you need have no fears. I have broken the power of the pirates; and for your endeavours to help me in subduing them, I shall make you a suitable reward. Your race, I

know, is mighty partial to ceremonials and festivities. Line up your braves ; and we will show you, in some sort, an European marriage.

[POHETOHEE *martials his men into an avenue that runs diagonally from the left back of the stage to the front centre. The* PIRATES *enter, led by* JENNY, *and form a corresponding diagonal on the other side. Enter,* MORANO *followed by* VANDERBLUFF. THEY *proceed down the path between the Pirates. Enter* MRS. TRAPES *followed unwillingly by Polly.* THEY *proceed down the path between the Indians*].

LAST SCENE

OMNES

Polly. [*Halting*]. I'll not move a step, madam, not a step. I'll never owe duty to a nigger.

Morano. Come, Polly, see—I have scoured myself white. Sure, hussy, you cannot forget your ever-faithful——

Polly. Macheath !

[THEY *embrace. Cries of "Morano" and "Macheath"*].

Air XXXIX

Morano and Polly.

Love that sorrowed and smarted
May yet have happily started.
Sweet it is to have parted,
If in the end we join.
Now shall I love you yearly
Dearly ;
Now shall our life go daily
Gaily.
O may the flame divine
Burn in your breast like mine

Pohetohee. Here indeed is a wonder. Soldiers—perform the bridal dance and the bridal song.

Omnes. *Air XL*

These twain, linked forever,
Evil fate shall no more sever.
Time flies: now or never,
Take your full delight.
What's life? 'Tis a season
Made for rapture, not for reason.
Grave looks are but treason
'Gainst a lover's right.
Troubles deceive us;
All that is grievous
Time will for sure destroy.
Memory measures
Only the pleasures,
Only the hours of joy.

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